

## The Contrary Wind

By REV. B. B. SUTCLIFFE  
Extension Department, Moody Bible  
Institute, Chicago

TEXT—The wind was contrary unto them.—Mark 6:45.

Reading the passage (verses 45-51) from which this text is taken, we find that after feeding the five thousand Jesus constrained his disciples to go in a ship across the lake to Bethsaida. While they were on their way a contrary wind arose, arresting their progress and causing them distress. There are three thoughts in connection therewith.

1. The presence of the contrary wind is a sign of being out of the will of God.

Before Jesus sent his disciples out upon the lake he knew the contrary wind was coming. It was no surprise to him, and he had deliberately sent them into the place where he knew the storm was coming. The presence of the storm therefore was no proof that they were out of his will. There is some teaching today that if one will only yield or surrender wholly to the Lord, all storms will thereby be avoided and that one will have a life surrounded by peace and nothing that disturbs will be able to find entrance. But both the Scripture as well as the experience of all the saints of God who have lived saintly lives bear testimony to the opposite. The Scripture says that "in the world ye shall have tribulation" and "all who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer." And such a saint as Paul bears testimony that in following the Lord he found he was "in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness."

No! The presence of the storm is no proof that one is out of the will or the way of God. Some reader of these words may be passing through deep waters, and the devil may be suggesting that the deep waters are there because of unfaithfulness, while all the time it may be as it was with the disciples, the "contrary wind" is experienced because of wholly following the Lord.

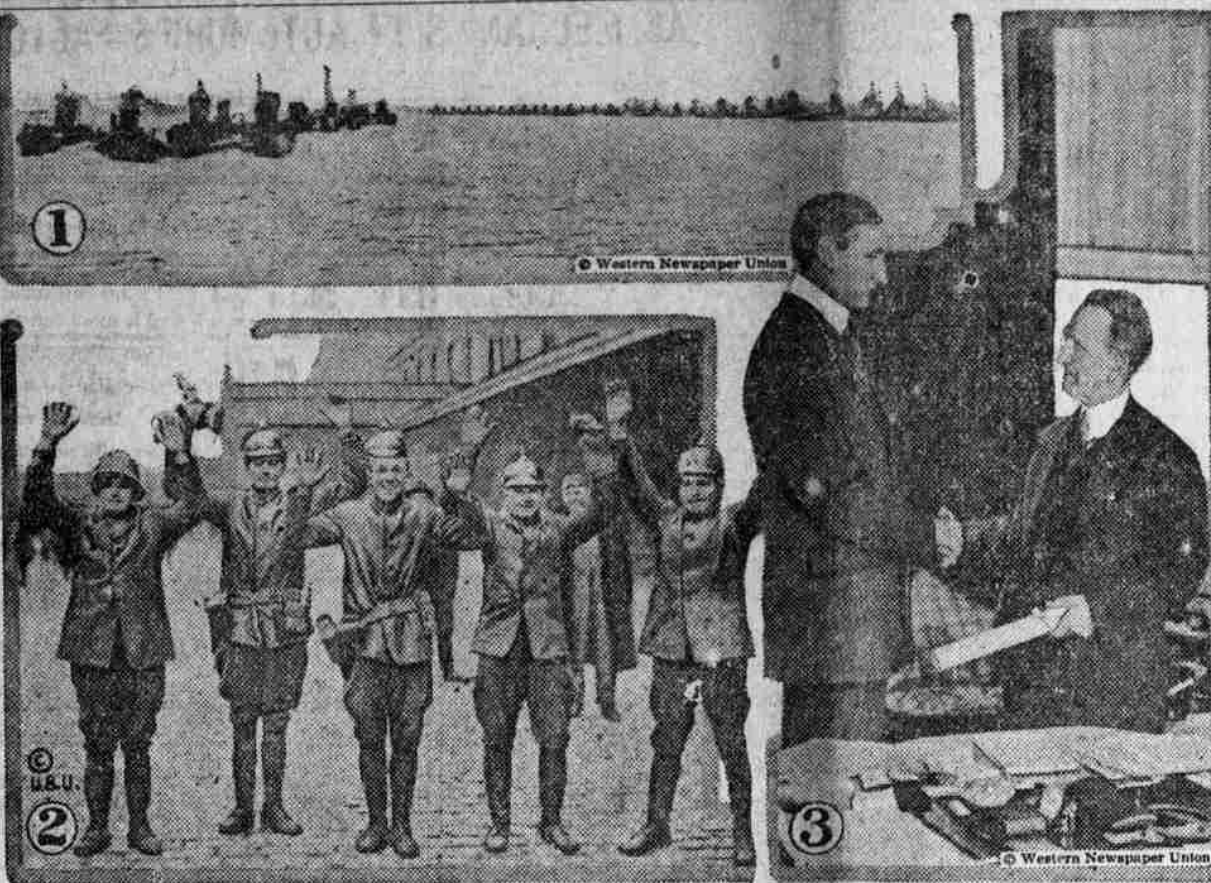
2. The lack of seeming progress is no sign of being out of the will of God.

Before Jesus sent his disciples out upon the lake he knew they would be hindered by the contrary wind. Sometimes we are tempted to think that because there are no seen results from our work, because things seem to be at a standstill or apparently no progress is being made, we have slipped out of his will. Of course this may be possible, but before we give ourselves worry and care, let us be sure that we are not being misled by Satan. To worry is against Scripture as well as common sense. All the members of the body of Christ have not the same office, and what would be progress to one may not be progress to another. The Master sets one to plowing, another to sowing, another to watering the seed and another to reaping. We are in danger of thinking that only the reaper is making progress. The disciples were told to cross the lake. All they could do was to keep the bow of the boat pointed in that direction, and the Lord knew when he sent them out that this was all they would be able to do. But they could do that, and do it they did without trying something else just because they were not making any seeming progress. We need to learn to have more of an eye for obedience than looking for results that we can see and tabulate. To do what he tells us to do without thinking of the results is the highest form of service.

3. The sense of fear and loneliness is no sign that we are out of the will of God.

With the contrary wind rising higher and the darkness falling upon them, together with the absence of the Lord, it is little wonder that these disciples should experience a feeling of loneliness and fear. But such a feeling should not give rise to self-recriminations, for it is by no means a proof that one is out of God's way. It was into the darkness and the loneliness that the Lord had sent these disciples.

At the proper time he would come to them, and until that time came they had just one thing to do, and that was to keep the boat pointed in the right direction, even though they made no progress, and believe that as he had sent them there, there was where he wanted them to be. We may not understand all of his dealings with us, and sometimes when we seem to be in dense darkness and can see no ray of light, we are tempted to become too introspective. In such times of darkness let us remember the words of Isaiah the prophet: "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord and stay upon his God."



1—The surrendered German submarines lying at anchor in the harbor of Harwich. 2—Doughboys who returned on the Leviathan showing how the Huns met them with cries of "Kamerad." 3—Former Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo congratulating his successor, Carter Glass.

## TRANSPORT SIERRA BRINGS WOUNDED SOLDIERS



One of the severely wounded American soldiers that were brought home on the transport Sierra is shown being transferred to the steamer Shinnecock in New York harbor.

## FORMER KAISER IN HOLLAND



This is the first picture received in this country of the arrival of the ex-kaiser at the little railroad station of Eysden in Holland on his way to Count Bentinck's castle at Amerongen, Holland. Wilhelm, marked with a cross, appears in rather a jocular mood.

## FRANCE IN NEED OF AMERICAN COAL



The scarcity of coal is so great throughout France that the French people have appealed to America to send all coal that this country can spare. The children of Paris as soon as they are out of school run to the coal depots and follow the carts through the streets waiting for a piece to roll off.

## HER RING

By MARION C. LEESAM.

"Dick is leaving New York and coming home for a week's furlough," said Betty Saunders to her sister.

"I know it," said Jean, looking up from her knitting. "I was talking to his mother yesterday. It doesn't interest me, however."

"Oh, Jean, try to be nice to him this week. He's going South to learn to fly and then he's going to France. Why, if I were in your place I'd be planning to give him the best time while he is home. You can't do too much for those fellows."

"I know it," said Jean pensively, "but he did treat me so that night at the dance, just before he went away. He paid attention to that Wentworth girl half the night. Then he pretends he loves me. He doesn't know what love is. I'll never forgive him, either."

"I don't think he meant it," said Betty. "You probably imagined it. I know he's sorry you do not write him, because he writes the bluest letters home to his mother. Besides, you'd go far and near to find as nice a fellow as Dick."

"Oh, Betty, do stop raving over him. I tell you I've changed entirely toward Dick. I think Jack Somers is more of a man than Dick ever thought of being."

With that, Jean picked up her knitting and angrily walked upstairs.

Meanwhile, Dick Fulton, comfortably settling himself in the Pullman bound for Boston, breathed a deep sigh, whether of relief no one knows. He was glad he was going home.

After squaring himself with his own conscience he settled himself for forty winks and knew nothing until he heard the porter cry, "Boston, all out!" He pulled himself together and, grabbing his grip, hurried out, watching anxiously for some one to meet him. "Of course Jean wouldn't be there," he argued to himself. Yet he half hoped she had forgiven him. He hurried up the platform and saw his mother, waiting for him. In back of her was Betty, but Jean was nowhere to be seen.

"Oh, Dick, I'm so glad to see you," said Betty. "Though you have only been away ten weeks it seems like a year."

"It seems like that to me, too," said Dick, piloting Betty on one side and his mother on the other. "I had hoped Jean would meet me, but I suppose that was too much to expect."

"I'm sorry," said Betty. "I tried to persuade her to come. I told her it was no time to be worrying over such petty things."

"You're right," said Dick. "It is foolish. What do you say if we stay in town and have lunch and go to a show?" Dick was bound he was going to forget things for once.

"I think I'll go home," said Mrs. Fulton. "You two go and have a good time."

After leaving Mrs. Fulton on the train Dick and Betty started for an evening's fun. First, they got tickets at one of the best theaters and then found a little cafe and had a nice dinner.

"Dick, I've been wondering about Jean. It's too bad things are this way. Can't something be done to fix it up?"

Dick looked at her earnest face, never before realizing how strikingly pretty Betty was. Then she had so much sense, too, even though she was only two years older than Jean. He puffed his cigar slowly, thinking very deeply.

"I'll tell you what we can do," he said with a happy thought. "Let's go and pick out a diamond for Jean. I'll take it to her and surprise her. I know she'll forgive me."

"That would be fine," said Betty, her face brightening. "What will fit your hand will fit Jean's, won't it?" said Dick as they sat before the tray of dazzling stones, trying to pick out just the right one.

Betty was as happy as though it were for herself, and many people turned to admire the happy couple, and Dick certainly looked manly in his uniform. As he watched her a pang went through his heart. Here was a girl who cared and knew what love was. Finally they picked out the one that Betty declared was a "beauty," and Dick stuffed it in his pocket. Then they hurried to the theater.

"I know she'll love it," whispered Betty while they were watching the play.

"Do you think so?" said Dick. A queer feeling came over him as Betty leaned near him, enjoying herself to her heart's content. "Betty has always been a good friend of mine, but surely I'm not falling in love with her," he thought. He paid little attention to the play, as he was battling out a problem in his own mind.

When leaving Betty that night, after what she pronounced a dandy time, he took her hand in his and whispered: "Betty, I want you to have this," slipping the ring on her finger. "It was just meant for you. I noticed that in the jeweler's."

"Why, Dick," Betty faltered, "What about Jean?"

"She doesn't care for me, Betty, dear; not the way I want some one to care for me after I go away."

"I always liked you," said Betty, "but I never believed you thought of me in this respect."

"I never realized it until today, but now I know what you are going to mean to me," said Dick, tenderly, putting his arm around her.

"I'm so very happy," said Betty, pressing the ring to her lips.

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Those of us who are past middle age are prone to eat too much meat and in consequence deposit lime-salts in the arteries, veins and joints. We often suffer from twinges of rheumatism or lumbago, sometimes from gout, swollen hands or feet. There is no longer the slightest need of this, however, as the new prescription, "Anuric," is bound to give immediate results as it is many times more potent than lithia, in ridding the impoverished blood of its poisons by way of the kidneys. It can be obtained at almost any drug store, by simply asking for "Anuric" for kidneys or backache. It will overcome such conditions as rheumatism, dropsical swellings, cold extremities, scalding and burning urine and sleeplessness due to constant arising from bed at night.

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Sometimes it is.  
"Henry," said Mrs. Peck, reading a  
magazine articles on marriage cus-  
toms in remote lands, "what does  
'monogamy' mean?"

"Er," without looking up from the  
first page news, "er, oh, sure! Why, er,  
it comes from the Greek 'monos,'  
meaning 'one,' and the Latin 'gamos,'  
meaning 'agony'—therefore 'one  
agony.'"

"Oh, yes, thank you, Henry,"  
breathed Mrs. Peck doubtfully, as she  
turned to the dictionary.—Kansas City  
Star.

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itching and red rough hands.—Adv.

So He Does.  
Jinks—He raises dogs by the hun-  
dreds.  
Binks—That so?  
Jinks—Yeh; he runs an elevator in  
a dog hospital.

Lost.  
"But what was his reason for want-  
ing to marry?"  
"None whatever. A man loses that  
before he does it."

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